AN

ELEGIE,

UPON

The Death, of that Famous and Faithfull Minister and Martyr,

Mr. *JAMES RENWICK.*

Compos'd immediatly after his Execution at *Edinburgh*, 17. Feb. 1688.

Rev. 2. 19. I know thy Works, and where thou dwellest, even where Satan's Seat is: and thou holdest fast my Name, and hast not denyed my Faith, even in those dayes wherein Antipas was my faithfull Martyr, who was slain among you, where Satan dwelleth.

Printed in the Year 1688.

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HEre's work, alas! for Mourners, to deplore
This fatal ſtroke, ſadly preſaging more!
In ſuch a day, let's hang our harps on willowes:
Its not a time of laying heads on pillowes;
In ſuch a day of wrath, and Conſternation,
In ſuch a day of Dread, and Deſolation;
A day of tryal, and of treading down,
A day wherein our head hath loſt its Crown,
A day of Blaſphemy, Rebuke and Trouble,
A day of Darkneſs, and of Sorrows double,
A day of great Vexations, and Confuſions,
A day of great temptations, and Deluſions,
A day of Jumbling, manifold Diſtractions,
A day of Stumbling, manifeſt Defections,
A day of Famine of the word of Life,
A day of Sinning, Suffering, and Strife:
When *Babels* Brats the world ſo much encumber,
When *Zions* Sons dayly decreaſe in number,
When now the Godly ceaſe, the Faithfull fail,
When few are left, their Funerals to bewail,
When nought but Thorns, where Corn grew, we can find,
When Gold is gone, and droſs but left behind,
When our *Elijah's*, *Iſrael's Chariot's* gone,
When yet, alas! their Mantle's left with none,
When many Hypocrites Chriſts Fan diſcovers,
When few are left, that are his loyal Lovers,
When for his laws, theſe few are ſore oppreſſed,
When for his cauſe, they're pillag'd and diſtreſſed,
When thoſe are hunted, and always afflicted,
When of all help, and harbour interdicted,
When chas'd through Country, and purſu'd in City,
When baniſh'd, butcher'd, yet, in ſtead of pity,
(When counted ſlaughter ſheep, and daily killed,
By ſuch as ſit at eaſe) they much are filled
With inſolent contempt, and ſad reproaches,
Which of all falſhood, ſtill the father broaches;
When *Popiſh* Tyrants, vile *Beelzebub* drudges,
On thrones of tyrannie, are own'd for Judges,

When now, like stupid asses, Men are mute,
When such Usurpers challenge absolute
And arbitrary power, to sacrifice
Religion, Laws, and Lives, and Liberties;
When faithfull gospel preachers are so few,
In snaring times, to give a warning due;
When now soul murdering wolves, Christs flock devour,
When watchmen wanting are on Zions Tower,
When few that's called so deserve the name,
But many are the ages bane and shame;
When now in stead of valour for the truth,
And crying loud with trumpets at their mouth,
Upon such loudly clamant, clear occasions;
When *Babels* bastards boldly make invasions,
By blinding bribes, corrupting flatteries,
Insnaring craft, and cheating shams, and lies,
Upon our *Covenanted Reformation*,
And all our Liberties of Church and Nation
Betrayed, by *this Popish Toleration*.
Whereby this absolut pow'r is recognosc'd,
And all its proud encroachings are ingross'd,
Over Laws Divine, Humane, all made void,
Religions legal bulwarks all destroy'd,
All Blasphemy, Idolatrie, and sin,
Now suffered, yea invited to come in:
The church of all her priviledges robb'd,
And with a Kiss, under the fifth rib stobb'd;
In View of all her laws, securities,
All Oaths, and Vows, and solemn promises,
Having no more assurance, then a blind
Promise, of one, whom no such bond can bind:
Her doctrine, worship, and church government,
According to *our Solemn Covenant*,
All hereby undermin'd and overturn'd,
For which her sons should all have rather mourn'd
Our Ministers for sin have made *Addresses*,
Charmed with *Babels* flattering Caresses,
Bewitched with this intoxicating drink,
Which Hell did brew, and Rome with art did blink:
Cast in a deep Zeal-quenching Lethergie,
Purchasing hereby ease, and libertie,
On terms of selling truth, and shifting duty;
Whereby Christs bride's depriv'd of all her beauty.
In such a day to lose a faithfull witness,
And champion, accomplish'd with fitness
To strive for Christs prerogatives, and laws;
Must be bemoaned by all that love his cause.
Come therefore all ye *Doves*, that dwell i'th' rock,
Bewail and deplore this wrath presaging stroke;

Come

Come chased *birds* hotly pursu'd to mountains;
Come hunted *hearts*, which pant and bray for fountains!
Come *wandring sheep*, without a shepherd straying;
Come *hidden ones*, afraid of false bewraying;
Come all ye *faithful followers* of the Lamb,
Whose hearts in Zeal do for his glory flame,
Whose hearts in fervent love to Christ are burning,
Whose hearts do melt out at the eyes in mourning;
Come, with a flood of tears the valleys fill,
And make your voice resound from hill to hill;
Cause all the mountains circling round from *Carrick*,
With roaring noise, rebound as far as *Berwick*;
From *Carn-table* skirts, and *Abingilloch*,
To *Merocks* towering hights, and heads of *Killoch*;
From *Tintoch-tops*, and all the hills of *Clidsdale*,
To all the hills of *Galloway*, and *Nithsdale*;
From these about *Blackgannoch*, and the *Lothers*,
To *Crausford-muire*, and *Tweddal* hills, and others;
Wherein ye hunted were, through all the glens,
Wherein ye hiding places sought in dens,
Wherein ye often forced were to flights,
Wherein ye often filled were with frights,
Wherein your hands were strengthened, heads supported,
Your minds confirmed, and your hearts comforted,
While your Renowned *Renwick*, now a *Martyr*,
Was passing through, preaching in every quarter,
His Masters glorious and gracious banner
Displaying faithfully, in lovely manner;
Like to a voice in wildernesses crying,
Making a noise most sweet, as swans when dying,
Declaring all Gods counsel, and revealed
Truths, which alive he asserted, dying sealed;
But now in those waste desolate recesses,
No voice is heard, but mourning for distresses;
No voice is heard, but that of grievous groaning,
The glory gone, deplorably bemoaning,
Come therefore and put on your *sable*, Saints,
Fill all the hills and vals with sad complaints,
Whereof the *echo* may be heard in Heaven,
In lamentation for the blow that's given,
Unto the wounded weeping remnant left,
Which of their *Renwick* is of late bereft,
By murdering violence of beasts of prey,
Romes bloody whelps, torn from his house of clay,
How may his little flock, alas, complain!
How may they now, so great a loss sustain!
Scotland hath lost, the world hath lost a *man*,
Whose room supply, there few surviving can:

The church hath lost a *Son* more pure and dearer
Than *Ophirs* gold, the truth a *Standard-bearer*;
Sion hath lost, by this complex disaster,
A *Witness*, *Wrestler*, *Mourner*, and a *Pastor*;
The scattered sheep, a most laborious *Leader*;
Poor hungry souls, have lost a painfull *Feeder*;
The sufferers, have lost a *Sympathiser*;
The doubtfull halting souls, a good *Adviser*;
The weak, a wise encouraging *Supporter*;
The wanderers and mourners, a *Comforter*;
The tempted souls, a *Counsellour* in terrours;
The Ignorant, a *Guide* to keep from errours:
The Zealous, from extreams, a holding *Bridle*;
The lazy sort, a *Spurre* from being idle;
The temporizing sort of faint complyers,
Duty's deserters, and Christs truth's denyers,
May boldly now proceed in their backsliding,
Since that they are delivered from his chiding,
Who never ceas'd to be a free *Reprover*,
Nor sins and snares in season to *discover*.
How insupportable is such a cross!
How irreparable is such a loss!
Oh, let us now make search that we may know
What may the meaning be of such a blow!
What sins have this procur'd, let's meditat,
What further sorrows may't prognosticat?
Our misimprovements let us now confess
Of such enjoyments, our unworthiness
Of *Renwicks* gracious message, little priz'd,
And of his precious Ministrie despised,
Our barrenness, and base ingratitude,
Our weariness of that Angelick food,
Whereof the worth we know now by the want,
And must henceforth in tears the loss lament;
These have this Rod in righteousness extorted,
From a just God, and left us uncomforted:
A Rod which we may sadly now suppose,
A fatal forerunner of future woes,
Impendent on this base degenerat age;
The perishing of worthies must presage,
That they delivered are from that which we
Are call'd to fear, but cannot bear, nor flee:
But thô our loss be great, his gain is glory,
His Life, his Death, shall be renown'd in story;
VVhich death to us most costly and most painful,
Shall to the *Covenanted cause* be gainful;
In that, in place of a reproached Pastor,
A Martyr now renown'd by this disaster,

Is left us, to their everlasting shame;
Who ceased not with lies to load his Name,
And with reproaches foolly to bespatter,
VVhich malice did contrive, and madness scatter;
VVhich fraud invented, as its father fain'd
Fury did vent, and folly intertain'd.
Now shall his Name in Monuments of praise,
(VVhich to his fame posterity shall raise)
Still stand recorded, that he was a Martyr,
Fruitfull in life, faithfull in his departure:
Contemn'd indeed by Apostats, and Scorners;
But eminent among all Zions mourners:
For *love* undoubted, and undaunted *faith*,
For *constancie* unto his final breath,
For *patience* abiding in all trial,
For *pietie*, and humble *selfdenyal*,
For *meekness* true, in *condescending* tender,
For *strickness* due (he'd not a hoof surrender)
For uniform true *Zeal* and *Moderation*,
Of more then ordinary Elevation;
VVhich with an equal pace did still advance,
'Gainst all Defection and extravagance:
All Bastard Zeal opposing with all boldness,
As well as dead *Laodicean* coldness:
For Ministerial diligence much fam'd,
A VVorkman needing not to be asham'd;
In preaching all the Counsel God reveal'd,
His Ministrie on many souls was seal'd;
VVhich in his Masters strength he did commence,
And unto its fulfillment did advance,
Against the violentest opposition,
That ever any Youth in his condition
Had to conflict with, and at such a season,
VVhen dangers seem'd invincible to reason:
For like another *Athanasius* bold,
He all the world opposed and control'd,
And had all sorts of men upon his top,
All *Prelatists*, all Vassals of the *Pope*,
VVho did pursue him with all rage and rigour,
VVith might, and malice, violence, and vigour:
Those Brethren also, whom, thô still he lov'd,
He could not joyn with, but their sins reprov'd,
VVho *unto men their Ministry subjected*.
Or had *submit to mischiefs they enacted*,
Or by *Disorders had their charge perverted*
Or had their *duty in its day deserted*,
Or were in *foul Complyances involv'd*.
Or those to *daub and plaister more resolv'd*

Or shamefully were silent at the times
Iniquities, when duties went for crimes;
With those to strive, Zeal for his masters glory;
And indignation at their silly, sorry,
Foolish, and feeble, fainting, cowardice,
(That few their *all* for truth durst sacrifice)
His generous soul did vigourously excite,
For which by some he was oppos'd with spight,
With malice, envy, and with cruel rage,
That nothing could unto his death asswage.
Yet maugre all assaults, his bow abode
In strength, his hands confirm'd by *Jacobs* God:
By frowns, from duty, ne're could he be daunted,
By flatteries, he ne're could be inchanted;
No fear of danger could him ever scar
From diligence; Nor disadvantage mar;
Nor any want of good accommodations,
Could stop his pastoral exercitations;
In painfull preaching, visiting, baptising,
In conferences, and in catechising;
Even when in wandering he had no repose,
But haggs, or hiding holes, in fear of foes:
Nothing to lay his weary head upon;
No couch but grass; No pillow but a stone;
No better chamber oftimes he could have,
Then a dark den; No closet but a cave;
Yet under all this inconvenience,
He could possess his soul in patience;
His masters favour above all things loving,
Himself as his true Minister approving,
By purity, by charity unfeigned,
By veritie in sanctity maintained,
By wisdom, patience, by the spirits light,
By righteousness on the left hand and right,
Caring for neither calumnies nor honour,
So that he might his conscience exoner;
As a deceiver, yet approven true;
As thô well known, yet known but to a few;
As daily dying, and yet living still,
As chastened, yet above their reach to kill;
As sorrowfull, yet joying evermore;
As poor, yet making many rich in store;
In many wants, in manifold distresses,
In pinching, prison, and in wildernesses,
In painfull labours, and in weary watching,
In cold, and hunger, still in fear of catching,
In many perils, both by sea and land,
From enemies, and from false brethrens hand

Holland

Holland in part, *Britain*, and *Ireland* know,
VVhat perils he was forc'd to undergo:
In none of which, he any rest could find,
But everywhere both foes & friends combin'd,
By tongue and hand, him still to persecute,
In a most keen and violent pursute:
Hence such a prise was set upon his head,
As did entice to catch him, quick or dead,
Hells hottest Harpies; Villains, vilest Vermine,
VVho by all means to take him did determine:
Therefore, in fury they the chase did follow,
By *Hue* and *Cry*, and many hideous hollow;
Through Cities, Country, Villages of Boors,
Through wettest Mosses, and through wildest Moirs,
Through highest Mountains, and remotest Glens,
Compelling him to Caves, and hidden Dens:
VVhere weary, cold, and hungry, he could find
No comfort, but what from the Heavens shin'd;
Yet after all their proud designs were done,
His work, to them prov'd *Sisiphus* his stone;
Still with renewed force, afresh returning,
The bush did burn, but did not waste in burning;
His despicable Followers, thô few,
The more they were afflicted, more they grew:
All *Proclamations*, cruel *Prohibitions*,
All *Circuit-Courts* of *Spanish Inquisitions*,
(Imposing conscience cozning Oaths and Bonds,
Recusants, banishing to Forreign Lands,
Or Murdering by bloody Butchers hands)
Could never either yet their cumbers finish,
Nor so much as their Numbers yet diminish,
Nor crush, nor cool his unapall'd Zeal,
Nor of his Ministry cancell the Seal,
Engraven on the hearts of many hearers,
VVho were *Jehovah's* followers and fearers:
VVhich now's impressed with a deeper stamp,
Since the expiring of this burning Lamp;
Whose latest sparklings hath so brightly blaz'd,
That many eyes were dazled and amaz'd,
To see now visibly without a cloud,
(And legibly in Characters of blood)
The adversaries tyranny disclos'd,
Their calumnies confute, that him oppos'd;
That those despised truths have overcome,
For which contending, he got Martyrdom.
His testimony for his Masters Cause,
The Churches Liberties, and Nations Laws;

For which in Life, he mightily contended)
Now by his Death to many much commended;
VVho searching what could be the cause, or crime,
VVherefore he lost his Life at such a time;
Did find that only he was too distinct
In speaking that, which many others think.
This was the only Crime, was on him charg'd,
Tho to the hight of hainousness enlarg'd;
Because these soul-enriching *Randezvouss*,
Of Christs *Militia*, in the Fields, or House,
The Devils grand eye-sore, and great vexation,
Of all his friends, and foes of Reformation;
(VVhere hungry souls with heavenly food were nourish'd,
And where a Banner faithfully was flourish'd,
For the *Regalia* of the Churches Head,
And Liberties, wherewith he hath her freed)
He never suffer would to be suppressed,
Nor that the duty should not be confessed;
Now when it was declared Capital,
And when by Law discharg'd as Criminal;
And by its old Promoters now deserted,
VVhom *Popish Tolerations* have perverted:
In such a case he vigourously contended,
That *Meetings* should be valiently defended,
By *Arms defensive*, which the Law of Nature,
And Law of God, allowes to every creature;
VVhen now they were in daily jeopardice,
Of having blood mixt with their Sacrifice.
This also was his Crime, or rather Crown,
That he would not a *Popish Monster* own;
Sitting upon a Throne of Tyranny,
Usurp'd by rapin, blood, and treachery;
Nor pay alledgiance to his *Arbitrar power*,
As pimp employed for the *Romish Whore*;
Nor say, a Robbers Sacriledgious Rod,
Was now the Sacred Ordinance of God;
When such in Sacred writ, is called rather
A *Fox*, or *Dog*, then a *Politick Father*.
In fine, for this he also was indyted;
Because to bear the Cross he us invited,
Rather than pay an execrable *Gess*,
Impos'd our Gospel-meetings to suppress,
For raising Forces Tyranny to strengthen,
Our much entrailed misery to lengthen,
For ruine the weak Remnant left devoting,
The Church and State Supremacy promoting,
For Tests of lawless Loyalty enacted,
And for betraying Liberty exacted,

The

The full amount then of his Accusation,
Of all his troubles, the alone occasion,
VVas, *that at wick-durst he'd never wink;*
But still spake out, what others durst but think:
From which, unto the death he would not swerve,
But boldly spake his mind without reserve,
To *Prelatists*, and *Papists*, in their fury,
And to *Professors* sitting on his jury;
Invincibly he all their tricks withstood,
Inflexibly resisting unto blood;
And for his Life to *Supplicat* disdain'd,
Lest he should have his *Testimony* stain'd;
By which, th[illegible]gh blood of [illegible]mb he overcam[illegible]
And lovid [illegible] too de[illegible] [illegible]er the same
VVhich [illegible]ly h'affirm[illegible] during breath,
And faithfully confirmed by his death;
In such a measure of Humility,
Of Patience, Meekness, Zeal, and Constancy;
That it to Enemies hath been confounding,
To Neutralists conviction much redounding,
To Hesitants and Halters Confirmation,
And to all Zions mourners Consolation.
Hence in a bloody Chariot he hath gone,
To see, and stand before, *Emmanuel's* Throne;
His hands with Palms, his head with pleasant Bayes,
His Cloathes in white, do sparkle glistering Rayes
Of Glory; Glory singing, and salvation
To Him that brought him out of tribulation;
Unto the Throne and Temple of his God,
VVhere everlastingly he hath abode;
VVhere without intermission night or day,
VVhere without interruption or delay,
VVi[illegible]out all cares, without all faints or fears,
VV[illegible]out all snares, wi[illegible] all plaints or t[illegible],
He [illegible]ves, he sings, he sees the Lamb that's [illegible]ng,
And unto Lovely Living VVaters leading:
VVhere leave we him, full of *Jehovah's* joy,
VVhom no more sin, nor sorrow, can annoy;
And rest lamenting, while in the vale of tears,
Our growing grief, and fresh recurring fears.

AN

An *Anagram* on his Name.

MASTER JAMES RHENVICK

I AM CHRIST's MEEK SERVANt.

Another.

MASTER JAMES RENVICK

MINE MARCK IS *EVER THE SAME.*

An *Acrostack* on the same.

Meekness and	Magnanimity most rare,
Advanc'd thy	Actions, with advantage fair,
Submissive	Self-denyal, suffering slights,
Twisted with	True Zeal, for *Emmanuel's* Rights,
Extoll'd the	Early in Esteem and Fame,
Renowned	*Renwick*, EVERMORE THE SAME.

Jehovah	*Jireh* was thy constant joy,
Along thy	Always arduous employ.
Magnified	Martyr I men the much admire,
Enemies	Envy, and enraged ire,
Shaming them	Selves, thy sufferings to bespatter.

Rest[illegible]	Restless, with renown did scatter.
Lawless	Enterprises in all dangers.
Noble thy	Name have notified to Strangers.
Vexations	Various, suffered valiently,
Imbalm'd thy	Innocence to memory.
Comfort from	Christ did stop all thy Complaints
Bill'd about for	Keeping His Commandements.